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ALL BRAND-NEW STORIES

10¢

# KING

## of the Royal Mounted



King captures  
"THE WILDERNESS STALLION"

## GROUARD



A century and a half of Northwest history have rolled over the famous old village of Grouard, on Lesser Slave Lake. When the Hudson's Bay Company moved its District headquarters there in the '80's, the fur trade boomed. Indians flocked in to receive their "treaty money." Buildings arose until the village stretched ten miles along the lake's northern shore, and numbered two thousand people.

In winter there was a dance almost every night. The big room of the Hudson's Bay Post rang with fast fiddle music, above the wush-wush of moccas-

ined feet. Cree squaw and French voyageur, Scotch trader and prairie half-breed girl, laughed and danced together by the light of candles and a roaring hearth fire.

Both voyageur and fur trader have gone now. The remaining half-breeds have burned the plank sidewalks for firewood. Most of the houses have disappeared from the steep plunges which held them up above spring floods. Today five Catholic Mission buildings overlook empty trails that went once the busy streets of Old Grouard.

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# KING

of the  
Royal  
Mounted

THE  
WILDERNESS  
STALLION



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



AT THAT INSTANT, A RIFLE BARKS FROM  
AMONG THE TREES, TWO HUNDRED YARDS  
AWAY.



---AND THE FIGURE OF THE OLD MAN FLOPS FORWARD ON ITS BACK!



GET DOWN THERE AND SEE IF HE'S  
STILL ALIVE, MOOS-TOOS! I'M GOING  
AFTER THAT BUSHWHACKER!

LEAVE! HOPE  
YOU GET  
HIM, KING!



IF HE HADN'T MOVED I'M CLOSE  
---AND BEHIND HIM!



THE RIFLEMAN WATCHING MOOS-TOOS HAS NOT BUGGED---  
NOR HAS HE HEARD KING'S SILENT APPROACH.

DROP YOUR RIFLE! PUT YOUR HANDS  
BEHIND YOU! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!



WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

BERT BORG! AND  
LOOK-- I DIDN'T MEAN  
TO KILL THE OLD BUCK!  
I JUST WANTED TO GET  
EVEN---











WHILE HIS GUESTS PILL UPON JUST STEAKS, SAM FILLS THEIR CUPS WITH TALK OF ASHPORE'S RANGERS.

THAT RED STALLION BROKE OUT A WINDOW OF PETE WELLS' CABIN WHEN HE WAS AWAY THIS MORNIN'. STOLE A BAG OF FLOUR THAT SET ON A SHELF WHERE HE COULD REACH IT! STOLE MY TWO BEST HARES, TOO...



EVEN AFTER KING AND MOOSE-TOOS ARE IN THEIR BUNKS, SAM'S TALK RATTLES ON!

"BILGAAM BORG IS A HORSE KILLER! HE CAUGHT STAMPEDE IN A HORSE SNARE, ONCE MOBBIE FOUND THE HORSE IN TIME AND FREED HIM---AND THREATENED TO SCALP BORG FOR IT! THAT'S WHY---



THE NEXT MORNING, WITH FEED-BACKS FOR SADDLER, AND RIDING SAM KEELER'S HORSES, KING AND MOOSE-TOOS RECAP THE TRAIL.

USH! WILD HORSES NOT RUNFAST! FIND-UM SOON, KING!

CATCHING OUR HORSES MAY TAKE A LITTLE LONGER!



LATER FROM A RIDGE---

THERE, MOOSE-TOOS---DOWN IN THAT OPEN GRASS--- THE WHOLE BUNCH!

POUNCE! RED STALLION, TOO!



TAKE THIS END OF THE DRAW, MOOSE-TOOS! I'LL TAKE THE OTHER!



LONG MINUTES PASS--- THEN STAMPEDE CATCHES THE SCENT OF RIDERS, AND TRUMPETS A WARNING!



THE WILD BUNCH SCATTERS IN EVERY DIRECTION INTO THE "BUSH." ONLY THE SADDLED HORSES ARE CONFUSED.







KING'S PREDICTION IS RIGHT. WHERE THE  
CURRENT BENEATH THE ICE FLOWS FASTER,  
A THIN SPOT HAD BEEN LEFT





DRIVERING AND ENGAGED ALREADY IN A SKEIN OF ICE, OLD ROBBIE THINKS ONLY OF HIS PET.



"PUT THE SECOND POPE  
OVER HIS HEAD, MUR!"

"AND WITH TWO DOUBLED  
ROPES TO HELP HIM, STAR-  
FIRE WILL DO THE REST!"



"NOW---AWAY!  
ROBBIE TOOS!"



"KEEP GOING, STARFIRE! DON'T FIGHT THE  
ROPES! I'M WITH YE, LADDIE!"

WHILE THE TRAINED CON HORSES HOLD THE ROPES TIGHT,  
KING DISMOUNTS TO HELP ROBBIE



"GREAT WORK, MUR! BUT NOW WE'LL  
HAVE TO SAVE YOUR LIFE WITH A  
HOT CANNY FIRE!"

"I GOT IT,  
MOUNTIE!  
---STEADY,  
STARFIRE!"



"I'LL DRY YE OFF A BIT, LADDIE! WITH  
MY FLAME!"

WITH HIS ONLY DRY GARMENT, THE OLD MAN BOSTHE THE  
STALLION'S WILD IMPULSE TO FIGHT, OR TO RUN.

SOO-OO-F STEADY, LADDE! THERE'S  
NOTHING TO FEAR NOW!---MOUNTIE, WILL YE  
KINDLY LOOSE THE ROPE AROUND HIS CHEST?"



EASY, NOW! THIS WILL ONLY KEEP YE  
FROM RUNNING AWAY, LADDE! SO-O-O-O



I'M SORRY, MUR--- BUT I LL HAVE TO PUT YOU  
UNDER ARREST, ON SAM KEELER'S COMPLAINT!  
WE'LL START BACK WHEN YOU ARE DRY!

YES!  
I SUPPOSE  
SO----



BUT WHO WILL PROTECT STARFIRE --- WITH  
EVERY TRIGGER-HAPPY COWBOY GUNNING FOR  
HIM--- AND ME IN JAIL? THAT'S WHAT TROUBLES  
ME, MOUNTIE!



IT TROUBLES ME, TOO, MUR! I'D BE GLAD  
TO BUY HIM FROM YOU FOR MY PERSONAL  
MOUNT--- IF YOU WOULD TRUST ME! I  
KNOW HOW MUCH HE MEANS TO YOU



I LL TRUST YE WITH HIM, MOUNTIE!  
HANDCUFF ME, NOW--- BUT DON'T  
TAKE ME TO JAIL, UNTIL I'VE HELPED  
YE TRAIN STARFIRE! HE'S WILD  
AS A KAWK!

NO HAND-  
CUFFS ARE  
NEEDED,  
MUR! AND  
THANKS FOR YOUR  
OFFER!



LATE THAT AFTERNOON, THEY REACH SAM KEELER'S PLACE --- OLD ROBBIE LEADING STARTIRE ---



---WHO STILL WANTS TO FIGHT EVERYONE ELSE?



SO-O OH! QUIET, LAO! YE MUST GET OVER THAT!

KEELER, I'VE BOUGHT STARTIRE --- FOR ONE DOLLAR TO MAKE THE SALE LEGAL. ROBBIE WOULD ON 'T TAKE ANY MORE! BUT IF WE COULD STAY WITH YOU, TO TRAIN THE HORSE ---

AS LONG AS YOU LIKE, SERGEANT!



---AND, ROBBIE? BEING THAT STARTIRE WON'T BE TROUSLING US NOW, I'LL WITHDRAW ALL CHARGES AGAINST YOU --- FOR THIS ARMY WILL YOU SHAKE HANDS ON IT?

ARE, GLADLY, SAM KEELER!



FOUR DAYS LATER ---

YE CAN FINISH STARTIRE'S TRAINING YOURSELF, NOW, SERGEANT KING. HE TRUSTS YE!

I HOPE SO, ROBBIE! GOOD-BYE!



STARTIRE, FROM THIS DAY ON, WE ARE GOING TO BE PARTNERS --- NOT JUST MAN AND HORSE!



---AND FROM STARTIRE'S QUICKENED FACE, KING KNOWS THE GREAT STALLION UNDERSTANDS!

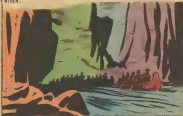


# MEN OF THE WILDERNESS

SIMON FRASER

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IN THE SPRING OF 1806, SIMON FRASER, ONE OF CANADA'S GREATEST EXPLORERS, SET OUT WITH TWENTY-THREE MEN TO FIND THE MOUTH OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.



THEY HAD NOT GONE FAR WHEN SIGNALS ON BOTH BANKS OF THE RIVER WARNED THEM TO STOP.



INDIAN TALK, THE RED MOUNTAINS OF MANY FALLS AND RAPIDS BELOW—WHERE NO CANOE COULD PASS.



ON AN OLD CLOTH, THE INDIAN DREW A MAP OF THE RIVER—BUT THEIR GREAT MISTAKE WAS NOW JUST A MILD SUSPICION.



BUT FRASER DECIDED TO GO ON DESPITE WARNINGS. HE ORDERED HIS CANOES TO PUSH OFF.



REACHING A CANYON OF FIERCE RAPIDS, ONE CANOE HIT A ROCK AND STUCK THERE.



THE MEN CLUNG TO THE NEARBY BANK---UNTIL HELP CAME.



FRASER AND HIS MEN CLIMBED DOWN, DRIVING THEIR KNIVES INTO THE SLIPPERY BANK TO HOLD THEM.



THEY GOT THE RASOLERS AND THE CANOE UP AT LAST "BUT," FRASER WROTE, "OUR LIVES HUNG UPON A THREAD."



OTHER FIERCE RAPIDS BROUGHT FRASER TO A POINT WHERE HE HAD TO LEAVE HIS CANOE AND FOLLOW THE RIVER ON FOOT--- THIS WAS ALMOST AS DANGEROUS!



EACH MAN CARRIED A SLIMY FISH-SACK---AND ON ONE TERRIBLE STRETCH OF CANYON TRAIL ONE GOT WEDGED INTO A CREVICE.



FRASER CLIMBED BACK AT GREAT RISK.



"---AND SAVED HIS LIFE BY CARRYING HIS LOAD TO DROP FROM HIS BACK OVER THE PRECIPICE INTO THE RIVER," AS FRASER'S DIARY RECORDS.

LET THE PACK GO!



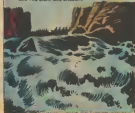
HERE AGAIN FRASER WISHED TO BUY CANDIES --- AND WOULD NOT BE DISCOURAGED BY THE CHIEF'S TALE OF DEADLY RAPIDS DOWNSTREAM



NEARLY A MONTH AFTER STARTING, THEY CAME TO A LARGE VILLAGE OF FRIENDLY INDIANS, WHERE THEIR RIVER JOINED WITH THE THOMPSON RIVER.



THE CHIEF WENT WITH THE WHITE EXPLORERS TO WITHIN SIGHT OF THE BLACK CANYON FULL OF RAGING WATER --- AND THE SIGHT WAS ENOUGH



THOUGH TO SHARE MORE AGAIN, FRASER'S PARTY PLUNGED OVER MILES OF CANYON TRAILS WHERE DANGERS WERE MULTIPLIED ---



---BY HOSTILE INDIANS WHO ROLLED STONES DOWN ON THEM.



ON JULY 2ND, FRASER REACHED THE SEA BEING ON VAN-  
COUVER ISLAND. HE SUDDENLY REALIZED, THAT, INSTEAD  
OF FINDING THE COLUMBIA'S MOUTH, HE HAD EXPLORED  
A NEW WATERWAY. IT WAS LATER CALLED THE  
FRASER RIVER.



THE MEN'S HEAVES BROKE UNDER THE BRILLIANT LIGHT  
ATTACKS SOME THREATENED TO DESERT. --WHICH WOULD  
HAVE PROVED FATAL.

"WE'RE STRIKING EAST  
--ACROSS COUNTRY!"

"NO!"



THE EXPEDITION'S RETURN WAS A WORSE HANDSHP  
HOSTILE TRIBESMEN ATTACKED THEM IN THE MOST  
DIFFICULT PLACES.



"IF YOU LEAVE US, YOU WILL SURELY DIE  
IN THE SNOW CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS!  
STAY WITH ME -- AND SAVE YOUR LIVES!"



THE MEN RETURNED ALONG THE PORRIOUS CANYON ROUTE,  
CLIMBING UP AND DOWN SHAKY INDIAN LADDERS, OFTEN  
HOLDING THEIR BREATHS --



ON AUGUST 25TH THEY REACHED FORT GEORGE, THEIR  
STARTING POINT, WITHOUT LOSING A MAN -- -- THANKS  
TO THE GREAT LEADERSHIP OF SIMON FRASER,  
EXPLORER AND WOODSMAN.



# The OLD and the NEW



"Old Jack Mackenzie huddled close to his companion, Pierre, on a small island set in the middle of a lake. Around them, great pillars of smoke and flame roared up into the sky from the great forest fire that ringed the lake.

"Good thing our canoes are made of aluminum, Jack, as they would be burned too," mumbled Pierre from under his water-soaked blanket that protected him from the heat.

"My son, Bill, thinks that his new-fangled airplanes can take the place of the canoes we use to trade with trappers! A plane would have burned in this fire," Jack answered grimly.

"Now, now Jack. Maybe his seaplanes will help a lot flying the furs from these wilderness lakes to civilization," soothed Pierre.

"Never! He can fly all he wants to but I'll run my business with canoes and—"

"Look, that's Bill's plane!" Pierre pointed up to a plane circling low over the lake, preparing to land on its pontoons. "He's come to rescue us!"

"I'll die here before I'll escape in an airplane! I'll wait for the fire to die and paddle out later," Jack turned his back to the landing plane. He resented the fact that the plane was slowly taking over from the old canoe-borne trading methods of the North.

"Jack—the plane has hit something!"

Pierre pointed out over the water. Jack watched as the plane bounced once in its tracks as it skimmed over the water. Slowly, the plane turned and taxied through the smoke toward the little island where Jack and Pierre waited.

"The plane's all right. Bill's safe!" Jack sighed with relief. Bill taxied the plane up to the shore of the island and cut his motor.

"Hello! I've been looking all over the northern lakes for you since this fire started! Are you okay?" Bill climbed out onto the pontoon, and threw a rope to Pierre who tied it to a tree. Bill jumped ashore and shook his father's hand.

"I'm glad to see you, son—even if you come by plane!" Jack mumbled gruffly.

"We've got to get out of here, Dad," Bill said, as he started to check his plane. "I think I hit something on the lake back there and—"

Bill stopped as he checked the pontoons that seemed low in the water.

"Both pontoons are holed and taking in water! The plane will sink unless we act quickly!" Bill rushed over to the two sturdy aluminum canoes and started to unload them. The two men hurried to help him. The plane was towed into the water and the two canoes pulled alongside. The canoes were filled with water and then, under Bill's orders, pulled under the slowly sinking pontoons. Both canoes were securely lashed to the pontoons with rawhide thongs and then Bill pulled the plane to shore. The three hurriedly bailed the water out of the canoes and the plane rose in the water until it floated on the canoes lashed to the pontoons.

The men got in the plane as Bill started the motor and slowly taxied over the water. Then the plane rose into the air and soared over the billowing smoke and flames, heading home.

"Bill and Jack, it is time you made up," said Pierre to them in the plane. "Both your ways have proven good. The canoes on the lakes and the plane to bring the goods out—the old and the new, working together!"

Father and son smiled as they silently shook hands.

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# KING

## of the Royal Mounted

### THE MUTINEERS

ON LONELY HERSCHEL ISLAND IN THE ARCTIC OCEAN, SERGEANT KING IN TEMPORARY CHARGE OF THE POST... AND CORPORAL HEARNE WATCH THE END OF THE FIRST SPRING BREAK-UP.







A FLYING PLANK STRIKES THE CAPTAIN ON THE HEAD.



CAPTAIN - I'VE BEEN BATTERED!



HE'S BORED! I COULDN'T REACH HIM  
--- WITH THIS BROKEN LEG!



RIGHT IF I COULD ONLY HAVE MOVED  
QUICKER... I MIGHT HAVE SAVED  
HIM! GRRR-RRRR! (CASH, NO...?)

I'VE GOT TO  
GET FOR  
CLEARANCE  
PROPERTY  
FROM THAT  
BIRD!







NOTHING MORE FROM THE SHIP, KING --- (BENDS THAT LAST MESSAGE THAT THE BEERD WOULD HIT THEM)

GET A MAP, HARNES? MARK HER POSITION FOR ME? I'M STARTING NOW ACROSS THE ICE



AND BEERD! ANDOTLIK!



KING! YOU CALL... LIKE SOMETHING HAPPEN?

IT HAS? HARNES YOUR TEAM AND WINE, ANDOTLIK? SUPPLIES FOR FIVE DAYS, TEN PEOPLE? I'LL HELP WITH THE PACKING...



THROUGH THE LONG ARCTIC TWILIGHT THE TWO RESCUE TEAMS FORGE AHEAD --- NOW SLOWED BY ROUGH ICE, NOW SPEEDING OVER A SMOOTHER STRETCH.

TIME AND AGAIN, "LEADS" OF OPEN WATER TURN THEM ASIDE FROM THEIR MAPPED COURSE.



WE'LL HAVE TO HUNT FOR A NARROW PLACE TO CROSS THIS LEAD, ANDOTLIK!



-- AND ON THROUGH THE FOLLOWING NIGHT--UNTIL ANOOTLIK SPOTS A MOVING PYSIVE ON THE ICE.

LOOKING? MAN PULL SLED!



I SEE HIM---MUSH! FASTER, HUSHER! THAT FELLOW IS DONE IN!



HELLO, SERGEANT KING!

JOHN CRANDALL'S NEPHEW!

--- AND CRAN DALL HIMSELF!! I'VE GOT A BROKEN LEG, SERGEANT!



I DRESS--- I COULDN'T HAVE ---KEPT ON MUCH LONGER, KING!

ANOOTLIK? GET THAT THORND'S BOTTLE OFFER. WE MADE ABOUT LAST STOP, THEN WE'LL TALK!



AWH! THAT HOT DRINK IS A LIFESAVER, SERGEANT! NOW I'LL TRY TO TELL YOU ---

WE GOT YOUR LAST RADIO MESSAGE---BEFORE YOUR SHIP WAS STRUCK! WE'RE THERE, MR CRANDALL!



THE CAPTAIN AND I JUMPED TOGETHER--- JUST AS THE BOMB HIT! HE WAS STRUCK BY FLYING DEBRIS--- SLED OFF AN ICE PAN INTO THE WATER AND DISAPPEARED! AND DRAGGED ME TO SAFETY--- SPLINTED MY LEG.



"SINCE NIGHT WAS COMING ON, THERE WAS NO THOUGHT AMONG THE SURVIVORS OF DOING ANYTHING BUT KEEPING WARM, UNTIL SKYLIGHT. WE HAD FOOD, AND SLEEPING BAGS."



"IN THE MORNING, HOWEVER, WHEN SOME OF THE CREW WANTED TO HEAD FOR SHORE, WELLMAN, THE WIFE, SAID NO!"

OUR BEST CHANCE, MEN, IS TO STAY HERE UNTIL HELP COMES!



HEY! LOOK THERE! ANOTHER BIG BERG FLOWING UP THE FACK!

WHAT IF IT HEADS THIS WAY? WE'RE SUNK!



"THE CREW PANICKED! ONE RUDE DECK HAND, 'BULL' McCORDY, DEFTED THE WIFE."

WE'RE NOT STAYING HERE TO BE FLOWED UNDER, MISTER WIFE! WE'RE LEAVING NOW!

SILENCE, McCORDY! THERE WILL BE NO MUTINY! WE'RE STILL AT SEA!



"AND WHEN WELLMAN TRIED TO ENFORCE HIS AUTHORITY, McCORDY KILLED HIM!"

McCORDY! STOP IT, KID---!

NO YOU DON'T! LET 'EM FIGHT!



"BECAUSE KID AND I HAD TRIED TO STOP THE MUTINY, 'BULL' MCARDY LEFT US WITHOUT FOOD— BESIDE THE MAP'S STORY



THAT'S ALL, SERGEANT? AS SOON AS THE MUTINEERS WERE OUT OF SIGHT, KID STARTED PULLING ME ON THE SLED, FOLLOWING THE OTHER SLED'S TRACKS. HE'S HAD NOTHING BUT A CANDY BAR SINCE YESTERDAY!



ANDOTLIK! ISN'T THAT STEW NEARLY HEATED THROUGH? THESE MEN ARE STARVING!

NOT I, KING! THIS JUNK FOM ANDOTLIK GAVE ME IS BETTER THAN STEAK!



SO YOU'VE LEARNED TO LIKE RAW WHALE SKIN, KID?

EATING DELICIOUS! AND IT SURE FILLS THAT EMPTY PLATE!—  
SKY, KING! DON'T SEND ME BACK TO MERSHEL, WITH UNCLE RUPERT. NOW! TAKE ME WITH YOU!



YOU WANT TO GO WITH ME—  
—TIED AS YOU ARE—  
AFTER THAT GANG OF  
MUTINEERS? WHY, KID?

BECAUSE ANDOTLIK  
CAN MAKE BETTER TIME  
WITHOUT ME— BACK  
TO MERSHEL IS LAND!  
AND UNCLE RUPERT NEEDS  
TO GET THERE FAST!  
BEHOLD!



ALL RIGHT, KID! YOU CAN RIDE ON MY  
SLED TILL YOU'RE RESTED. BUT  
WHEN WE CATCH UP WITH MCARDY,  
YOU'LL STAY OUT OF IT!







HALF WAY ACROSS THE FIELD OF ICE HURMOCKS, KING TRIPS, LOSING PREVIOUS SECONDS THE GOOD RACE ON.



TWENTY YARDS AHEAD OF KING, TWO GIANT FIGURES RISE UP, LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT!



AIMING AT THE MONSTER'S EAR, KING FIRES BACK!



--- AND HEADS FOR THE NEXT KILLER!

TAKE WAY, YOU BRUTE!



AT HIS SHOUT, THE SECOND BEAR CHARGES--- AND KING'S SHOT DOES NOT EVEN SLOW HIM UP!



THE NEXT DOWNS HIM --- TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!



A SAVAGE ROAR BRINGS KING AROUND, AS THE THIRD BEAR LUNGES AT HIM, DRAGGING THE GALLANT BOGE WITH HIM!





FIRE! POINT BLANK, KING'S BULLET STRIKES THE BEAR'S BRAIN



I'M AFRAID I WAS TOO LATE  
... FOR THIS ONE!



"BULL" MC CROFT DEAD WITH A  
BROKEN BACK!



WHICH OF YOU THREE IS  
THE WORST HURT?

BUCK LEVERANCE,  
I BRUISED\* SHOULDER  
RIPPED, AND SOME FIBER  
BROKEN!



WE KNEW\* OH-  
NIMMERH!

THAT'S TWO OF YOU  
WHO WILL RIDE ON THE  
SLED --- IF I CAN GET  
YOU ACROSS THAT  
OPEN LEAD...



AT THAT MOMENT, KING'S HAIL PINES ACROSS THE ICE  
PACK

OH, MY!\* HERE'S A PLACE  
THE SLED CAN BRIDGE!





New Dangers threaten Turok  
when he becomes a  
"FRIEND OF THE WOLF!"

READ

***TUROK son of stone***

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# WHOOPING CRANE



Tallest and most beautiful of all North American wading birds, the White Crane, or Whooping Crane, has nearly disappeared. Less than forty birds are now alive.

Wiped out like the buffalo, by the guns of trigger-happy hunters, the great flocks will never again drown out human voices below with their shouting flight.

Perhaps the few remaining birds, protected by law, will breed and slowly increase. But the Whooping Cranes are so wild and easily frightened that they will abandon their nests perma-



neently, if human beings come near. Only two large, rough-shelled eggs are laid each year on a platform built of rushes in a sub-arctic marsh. If these do not hatch, or are stolen by foxes, there is no increase that year.

The Whooping Crane is a handsome picture as he stands five feet tall, in his glossy white plumage. His voice when in full flight is both deep and hoarse—like an organ note. It is produced through a five-foot-long coiled windpipe. Even when he flies so high that he can hardly be seen, his shouting fills the sky.

CONTINUED ON OPPOSITE PAGE 100



## A FLEDGE **DELL** TO PARENTS

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# ESKIMO WAYS

## THE ESKIMO MOTHER

Housekeeping in an Eskimoglass is not complicated, but the Eskimo mother has her busy times. One of them is when her men folk have brought home fresh meat — a beluga (small, white whale) or a bowhead whale, a few walrus, or a seal. To Mrs. Inuit this is like a monthly trip to a supermarket — for meat and blubber are the staples of Eskimo diet. She and her neighbor women cut up the meat and store it away — with special care for the MUKTUK.

MUKTUK is the skin of a whale, with a layer of blubber (fat) attached. Each layer is an inch or more in thickness. Eaten raw, it looks like a chunk of chocolate and vanilla ice-cream, in equal layers — and Eskimos find it just as delicious. They hold contests to see who can eat the most in the shortest time. It is considered excellent baby food.

Baby, incidentally, rides in the hood of Mrs. Inuit's parka — close enough to reach around for a share of the MUKTUK or whatever else she is eating. And as this Eskimo "baby-buggy" he goes wherever Mother goes. Even when Mother runs a foot race with other Eskimo mothers — Junior looks along on her back!

Mrs. Inuit's teeth are used for other things than eating blubber. When her husband's MUKLE Ks, or nose-sticks, become stiff, she chews them soft again. If she refuses, she is socially disgraced!

COURTESY OF AN ESKIMO FRIEND, N-1000 20

